

ACTION ^{1/3}
(6 NEW PENCE)
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PICTURE LIBRARY No.28

A dramatic illustration of a sailing ship with a large red sail, tilted and struggling in a stormy sea. A large, ghostly face of a man is superimposed on the sky above the ship. The ship's deck is visible with some figures. The overall tone is dark and action-packed.

SALVAGE

Stand by for an onslaught of action-packed thrills

WAR PICTURE LIBRARY SPECIAL EXTRA

4 gripping stories in one 224-page bumper special 3/-

THE LIONHEARTS

He drove men ruthlessly in preparation for the day of battle—for it would only be the strong who survived.

CODE OF HONOUR

Only an officer's courage and leadership can earn him the respect of the men serving under him.

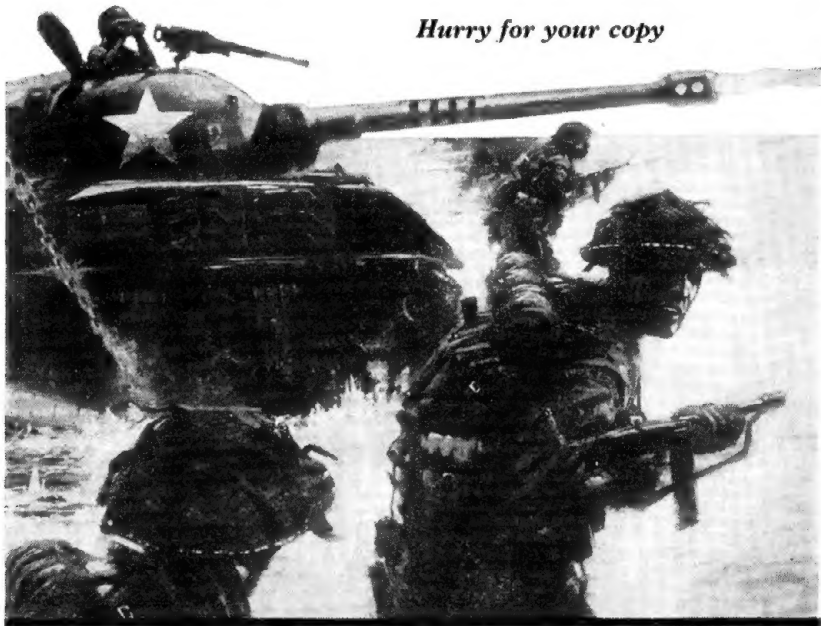
MISSION FOR HEROES

It was a task only the toughest could handle, yet it was an ordinary seaman who stood between the three VCs and failure.

DIRECT HIT

They flew together—each man drawing on the courage of the other—each wondering who would be first to break.

Hurry for your copy



SALVAGE

THE DOUR SCOTTISH ISLAND OF KILNAIRN WAS NOT EXACTLY THE IDEAL HOLIDAY RESORT, BUT WITH MILES OF WILD RUGGED CLIFFS AND SOME EXCEEDINGLY RARE BIRDS, IT SUITED STEVE FOSTYN VERY WELL...

HELP!
HELP!

HECK!
THAT WAS NO
SEA BIRD'S
CALL...

THE CRY CAME FROM SOMEWHERE ALONG THE CLIFF FACE. AT LAST, STEVE PICKED OUT THE MAN WHO WAS STRANDED THERE...

HELP!
THIS STUFF
CRUMBLES
IF I TRY TO
MOVE!

KEEP STILL
THEN! I'LL TRY
TO GET DOWN
TO YOU!

STEVE HAD TO ACT QUICKLY - BUT WITH THE UTMOST CARE, FOR IF HE SLIPPED IT WOULD BE TO CERTAIN DEATH ON THE JAGGED ROCKS FAR BELOW.





FOR THE MOMENT, THEY WERE SAFE...

WE'VE STILL GOT
TO GET UP THERE!

I'LL GO FIRST
WITH THE ROPE
AND THEN HAUL
YOU UP. OKAY?



IT WAS A TRICKY CLIMB BUT STEVE HAD
MADE MORE DIFFICULT ONES...



THEN SOME FALLING PEBBLES
SPLINTERED AGAINST THE ROCK
BEFORE HIS FACE...



WHERE
THE DEUCE DID
THAT COME
FROM?

AND THE PEBBLES WERE FOLLOWED BY
STEVE'S OWN BINOCULARS...



OUCH...!

SOMEHOW, STEVE HELD ON - AND SCRAMBLED THE LAST FEW FEET TO FACE MAJOR WENCOMBE, A FELLOW GUEST AT THE HOTEL...

GOOD GRIEF,
MAJOR! YOU ALMOST
KNOCKED ME INTO
THE SEA!

FRIGHTFULLY
SORRY, OLD CHAP!
I THOUGHT I HEARD
VOICES AND WHEN I
LOOKED OVER, I
DISLODGED THE
BINOCULARS...

I'LL REPLACE
THEM, OF COURSE,
IT WAS MY FAULT
ENTIRELY. I MUST
BE GETTING
CLUMSY...

FORGET IT.
BUT YOU CAN
HELP ME WITH
THIS ROPE, THE
CHAP DOWN THERE
IS NO LIGHT
WEIGHT!

WHEN THEY HAD HAULED THE MAN UP, THE MAJOR APOLOGISED AGAIN PROFUSELY AND WALKED AWAY...

THE OLD FOOL
ALMOST KILLED US
BOTH I I'M STEVE FOSTYN
BY THE WAY, ON
HOLIDAY HERE.

MY NAME'S
YAXLEY - PETE
YAXLEY. I WAS
COLLECTING BIRDS
EGGS - STRICTLY ILLEGAL,
I KNOW - BUT I TOLD BIG
HARRY UP AT THE HOTEL
I'D GET HIM SOME.

AH YES - I'VE SEEN YOU AT THE HOTEL.
AREN'T YOU ONE OF THE SALVAGE MEN
WORKING AT DEVIL'S COVE?

THAT'S RIGHT, I'M THE BOSS, AS
A MATTER OF FACT! WE'RE AFTER A
YACHT THAT SANK THERE. PERHAPS
YOU'D CARE TO COME AND SEE...?

I PEGGED THE ROPE
AT THE CLIFF TOP, BUT IT
MUST HAVE WORKED LOOSE.
THEN I STARTED TO SLIDE!

YOU WERE LUCKY
THAT LEDGE STOPPED
YOU. THERE WAS A SHEER
DROP BELOW. I SUPPOSE
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT...?

PETE LOOKED AT HIM SHARPLY...

BIG HARRY MENTIONED YOU'D
HAD SOME TROUBLE. SOMEONE TRYING TO
DELAY THE WORK, HE SAID...

YES, ONE OF MY BLOKES
WITH SOME SORT OF GRUDGE,
I RECKON. BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE
ANYONE WOULD TRY TO
KILL ME!

THEY ROWED TO THE SALVAGE BOAT, MOORED OVER THE SUNKEN YACHT.
ONCE THERE, YAXLEY BEGAN TO CHANGE INTO A DIVING SUIT...

IT'S LUCKY YOU RESCUED ME,
BECAUSE I'M THE ONLY DIVER! WE HOPE
TO RAISE HER THIS AFTERNOON!

REALLY?
HARRY SAID YOU'D
BE AT LEAST A
WEEK...

WE TOLD HIM THAT
TO SAVE HAVING A LOT
OF VISITORS GAWPING
AROUND!

PETE YAXLEY WENT OVER THE SIDE...

I REMEMBER READING ABOUT THE YACHT. DIDN'T IT SINK LAST MONTH, AFTER HITTING THOSE ROCKS AT THE ENTRANCE?

THAT'S RIGHT, THE THREE ON BOARD WERE DROWNED. FRENCH BUSINESSMEN ON HOLIDAY, THEY WERE. SOME VISITORS FOUND THEIR BODIES ON THE BEACH!

COMPRESSED AIR WAS BEING PUMPED INTO THE YACHT'S HULL...

FIRST WE HAD TO SEAL THE HULL WHERE IT WAS HOLED, OF COURSE. THAT WAS A LONG JOB BECAUSE OF THE WEATHER...

HERE SHE COMES...!

BOTTOM UP, THE YACHT SURFACED LIKE A WHALE AND SOON, PETE YAXLEY CLIMBED ABOARD THE SALVAGE VESSEL AGAIN...

**NOW WHAT?
I SUPPOSE YOU
TOW HER TO THE
MAINLAND?**

**NO, WE'LL RIGHT
HER AND BEACH HER TO
FINISH THE HULL
REPAIRS, THEN SHE'LL BE
EASIER TO TOW.**

**BY TONIGHT;
THEY'LL HAVE HER
UPRIGHT AND
BEACHED - AND
ONLY JUST IN
TIME! THE
AUTUMN GALES
WILL SOON BE
HERE!**

**NO WONDER YOU WERE IN A
HURRY. CAN YOU COME BACK TO
THE HOTEL FOR A DRINK NOW?**

**BIG HARRY, THE HOTEL OWNER, HEARD
THE NEWS GLUMLY...**

**WHAT A PITY! NOW I'LL LOSE THE
CUSTOM OF YOU AND YOUR MEN IN THE
EVENINGS, PETE.**

**AND I DIDN'T EVEN GET YOUR EGGS,
HARRY! I FELL DOWN THE FLAMING
CLIFF AND STEVE SAVED MY BACON!**

THAT NIGHT, A HALF-GALE CAUSED STEVE TO GET UP TO FASTEN HIS WINDOW MORE SECURELY. AND...



THEY DRESSED HURRIEDLY AND SET OFF...



AT DEVIL'S COVE, THEY WERE SHAKEN BY THE EXTENT OF THE DAMAGE...

IT STARTED IN THE FUEL STORES, PETE, AND THE WIND SPREAD IT. WE'RE LUCKY NOBODY WAS BURNED!

BETTER GET THEM TO THE HOTEL FOR THE NIGHT, JOE. THEY CAN'T STAY HERE...

LOOKS AS IF YOUR TROUBLE-MAKER IS AT IT AGAIN! I SUPPOSE YOU'LL REPORT THIS TO THE POLICE, PETE.

NO, I CAN'T, MY INSURANCE COMPANY MIGHT REFUSE TO PAY OUT, BUT I'LL STOP IT HAPPENING AGAIN. I'LL SEND THE BOAT TO THE MAINLAND TOMORROW, WITH ALL THE MEN...

WILL YOU GO WITH THEM?

NO, I'LL FINISH REPAIRING THE YACHT MYSELF AND SEND FOR JOE AND THE BOAT WHEN I'M READY...

PETE'S BOAT LEFT FOR THE MAINLAND NEXT DAY, AFTER UNLOADING SOME OF THE EQUIPMENT PETE WOULD NEED FOR THE WORK TO BE DONE.



THEY DECIDED TO LOOK AT THE YACHT, NOW FIRMLY BEACHED ON THE SAND.

HEY, EVERYTHING'S
SEALED LIKE THE BANK
OF ENGLAND! DID YOU DO
THAT, UNDERWATER?

SURE!
IT HAD TO BE
AIRTIGHT BEFORE IT
WOULD FLOAT.
BUT IT'LL HAVE TO
BE OPENED UP
NOW...

PETE MADE SHORT WORK OF THE ROUGH
WELDING...

SOME OF THE WORK WILL HAVE TO
BE DONE FROM INSIDE THE HULL.

IS THERE
ANYTHING VALUABLE
ON BOARD?

NO, THE SALVAGE
VALUE IS IN THE HULL,
NOT THE FITTINGS. ANYWAY,
THE SALT WATER WILL
HAVE RUINED
EVERYTHING.

THE INSIDE OF THE YACHT WAS INDEED A RUIN...



BACK AT THE HOTEL, THERE WERE SOME NEW FACES...



THEY WERE LUCKY TO GET HERE - THE FERRY STOPS WHEN THE WEATHER'S BAD. I THINK I'LL HAVE A NAP - WE HAD A DISTURBED NIGHT, DIDN'T WE?



I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON THE WEATHER FOR A WHILE, I THINK. SEE YOU LATER...

LATER, STEVE WAS ROUSED BY A KNOCK AT HIS DOOR...

THE WIND'S BACKING AND THE SEA WILL BE RUNNING HIGH IN THE COVE. I'M A BIT WORRIED ABOUT THE YACHT.



OKAY, I'LL COME WITH YOU, PETE. HANG ON WHILE I GET MY COAT...

IT WAS GROWING DARK AS THEY APPROACHED THE YACHT...



HEY, THERE'S A LIGHT ABOARD!

PROBABLY THAT NOSEY MAJOR POKING AROUND. LET'S GIVE HIM A SCARE...

THEY APPROACHED CAUTIOUSLY, THEIR FOOT-
STEPS MUFFLED ON THE SAND...

HERE THEY ARE,
IN THE LOCKERS! THEY'LL
NEED CLEANING, BUT THEY'RE
WELL GREASED...

THERE'S
MORE THAN ONE
OF THEM! LET'S
SEE WHO -


HANG ON,
PETE, DON'T RUSH
THINGS!

HERE'S THE
AMMUNITION! WHAT
ABOUT THE OTHER
STUFF?

WE'LL FETCH
IT TOMORROW NIGHT.
YAXLEY WON'T
RIP OUT THE
PANELLING, HE
DOESN'T SUSPECT
ANYTHING...

COME ON,
PETE - WE DON'T
WANT THEM TO
SEE US!

THEY WATCHED TWO MEN LEAVE THE YACHT...




WHO THE
DEVIL ARE THEY?
AND WHAT ON EARTH
ARE THEY DOING?

IT'S TOO
DARK TO RECOGNISE
THEM, BUT I CAN
GUESS WHAT THEY'RE
CARRYING! GUNS
THAT WERE HIDDEN
ABOARD...!



GUNS? I DON'T
UNDERSTAND...

NEITHER DO I, BUT
WE'LL FIND OUT IN
THE MORNING -
WHEN WE COME BACK
TO LOOK BEHIND
THAT PANELLING!



WE CAN'T STAY NOW.
IF THOSE TWO ARE FROM
THE HOTEL, THEY'LL NOTICE IF
WE'RE NOT AT DINNER.

YOU'RE
RIGHT. BUT
WE CAN SLIP OUT
TOMORROW MORNING
WITHOUT BEING
SEEN...

THEY HURRIED TO THE HOTEL,
PUZZLED BY THE STRANGE INTRUDERS.

WE'LL GO IN THE BACK WAY AND SEE
HARRY. HE'LL KNOW IF ANYONE
ELSE HAS BEEN OUT.

GOOD IDEA!
THERE AREN'T
MORE THAN
TWENTY PEOPLE
STAYING HERE
NOW, SO HE
SHOULD KNOW...



BUT BIG HARRY WAS NO HELP...

SO FAR AS I KNOW, STEVE, ONLY YOU
TWO AND THE MAJOR HAVE BEEN
OUT. WHY, WHAT'S WRONG?



NOTHING'S WRONG, BUT WE WERE OUT
FOR A STROLL AND WE THOUGHT WE SAW
SOMEONE ON THE CLIFFS, THAT'S ALL...

EARLY NEXT MORNING, THEY RETURNED TO THE YACHT...

YOU KNOW,
MAYBE THOSE
TWO AREN'T
STAYING AT THE
HOTEL. THEY
COULD HAVE
COME FROM
A BOAT...!

IT'S POSSIBLE,
BUT HOW WOULD
THEY KNOW THE
YACHT WAS HERE?
ANYWAY, LET'S GET
ABOARD...





STEVE FLASHED HIS TORCH IN THE LOCKER...



NEXT, STEVE TURNED HIS ATTENTION TO THE PANELLING...




THERE WAS NO CONCEALING THE DAMAGE THEY WERE DOING...




THEY STARED IN AMAZEMENT AT THE NEAT PACKAGES THAT HAD BEEN STACKED BEHIND THE PANELLING.

SMUGGLERS!
NO WONDER THEY
CARRIED GUNS! WHAT
ARE THEY - SWISS
WATCHES?

A black and white comic panel showing two men in a room. The man on the left is seen from the back, wearing a dark jacket. The man on the right is facing him, wearing a light-colored jacket. They are looking at a wall of panels or lockers. A speech bubble from the man on the right contains the text.

THEY OPENED ONE PACKAGE, TO REVEAL
A WHITE POWDER...

HEROIN! THE 'FRENCH
BUSINESSMEN' WERE
DRUG-RUNNING - AND
THEIR PARTNERS HAVE
COME TO COLLECT!

A black and white comic panel showing a close-up of a man's face. He has a serious expression. In the foreground, a hand is holding a small pile of white powder. A speech bubble from the man contains the text.

MY GODFATHERS! WHAT CAN WE DO,
STEVE? WE CAN'T LEAVE IT HERE...

HURRIEDLY, STEVE COLLECTED SOME
SUITCASES FROM THE CABINS...

WE'LL STOW IT IN THESE
CASES AND DUMP THEM
IN HARRY'S SAFE UNTIL
WE'VE CONTACTED THE
POLICE!

A black and white comic panel showing two men in a room. One man is standing and looking at a suitcase. The other man is sitting on the floor, looking down at something in his hands. A speech bubble from the standing man contains the text.

THAT'S AN IDEA! HE'S
GOT A BIG SAFE,
ALMOST A STRONG ROOM.

THEY MET NO-ONE ON THE WAY BACK TO THE HOTEL - UNTIL THE VERY LAST MOMENT...

WELL, WELL! MOVING OUT, MY FRIENDS? SURELY THE FOOD ISN'T THAT BAD!

JUST SOME STUFF PETE'S MEN LEFT BEHIND, MAJOR. WE DIDN'T WANT IT STOLEN.

THE MAJOR MOVED AWAY, CHUCKLING AT HIS OWN JOKE...

THAT'S DONE IT, HE'LL TELL EVERYONE NOW!

LET'S FIND HARRY - WE HAVEN'T ANY TIME TO WASTE...

SWIFTLY THEY TOLD HARRY THEIR STORY AND ASKED HIM TO RADIO THE POLICE ON THE MAINLAND.

THINGS ARE WORSE THAN YOU THINK, MY FRIENDS! WE CAN'T CONTACT THE POLICE - SOMEONE HAS TAMPERED WITH MY RADIO TELEPHONE!

HECK, THAT MEANS AT LEAST ONE OF THE CROOKS IS STAYING AT THE HOTEL!

OR WORKING HERE! BUT WE CAN'T JUST SIT AND WAIT FOR THEM TO SNATCH THE STUFF BACK...

HARRY FOUND THE ANSWER FOR THEM.

THERE'S MY BOAT - YOU COULD SAIL THAT TO THE MAINLAND!

HARRY, YOU'RE A GENIUS! WE'LL TAKE ALL THE STUFF WITH US...

NO, I THINK IT BETTER IF YOU LEAVE THE DRUGS HERE! IF THE CROOKS HAVE A BOAT, THEY MIGHT INTERCEPT YOU!

HARRY'S RIGHT, STEVE! IF THEY DESTROY US AND THE EVIDENCE...

THAT'S TRUE. I KNOW, WE'LL TAKE THE EMPTY CASES, JUST TO DRAW THE TRAIL AWAY FROM HARRY!

THEY CRAMMED THE PACKETS OF DRUGS INTO HARRY'S SAFE...

IT'LL TAKE A CHARGE OF DYNAMITE TO GET THE STUFF OUT OF HERE!

THAT'S FINE, HARRY -- BUT JUST BE CAREFUL, EH?

THE HOTEL OWNER TOOK THEM DOWN TO WHERE HIS BOAT WAS MOORED ...

THE SEA'S
PRETTY ROUGH,
BUT SHE'S A GOOD
BOAT. JUST BE CAREFUL
AS YOU GO THROUGH
THE NARROWS...

WE'LL WATCH THEM,
DON'T WORRY. SO LONG,
HARRY - AND KEEP YOUR DOORS
LOCKED AT NIGHT!

THEY HAD TO GO THROUGH THE NARROWS TO GET TO THE OPEN SEA...

THERE ISN'T
MUCH ROOM, IS
THERE, PETE?

I'VE SAILED
THESE CRAFT BEFORE,
MATE, THEY'LL TAKE ANY
WEATHER. DON'T WORRY,
WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

SAIL STRAINING, THE BOAT HEADED FOR THE GAP BETWEEN THE ROCKS...

THIS IS THE
TRICKY BIT! BUT
ONCE WE'RE THROUGH, IT'S
A CLEAR RUN TO THE
MAINLAND...

KEEP HER
STRAIGHT!

THEN, THERE WERE TWO MEN HIGH ON THE CLIFFS ABOVE THEM...

MAKE IT A GOOD SHOT!
ONCE THEY'RE THROUGH THE GAP,
THEY COULD GET CLEAN AWAY!

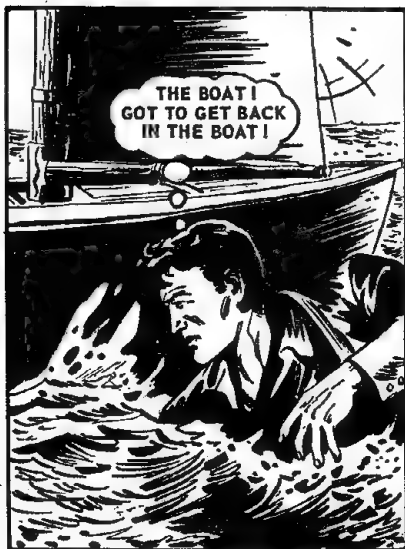
DON'T WORRY,
YAXLEY WON'T KNOW
WHAT HIT HIM!

THE SOUND OF THE SHOT WAS WHISKED AWAY BY THE WIND...



PETE YAXLEY COLLAPSED OVER THE WHEEL, THE BOOM WAS CAUGHT BY THE WIND – AND STEVE WAS SENT HURLING OVER THE SIDE.





STEVE GRABBED AT THE SIDE AS THE
BOAT WAS SWEEPED ON IN THE CURRENT.



BUT PETE WAS STILL IN A STATE OF SHOCK. STEVE FLUNG HIMSELF FORWARD...

IF WE HIT THAT ROCK FACE, WE'LL BE SMASHED TO PIECES!



THEY MISSED THE CLIFF, BUT A GIANT WAVE SLAMMED THEM ACROSS THE NARROW GAP. THE END WAS VERY NEAR...

JUMP...!





DRAGGING YAXLEY WITH HIM, STEVE SCRAMBLED UP THE SLIPPERY ROCK...

HECK, HE'S A WEIGHT! BUT WE CAN'T STAY DOWN HERE!



EXHAUSTED, HE COLLAPSED FOR A MOMENT WITH HIS SEMI-CONSCIOUS BURDEN...

WE MUST GET MOVING! WHOEVER FIRED THAT SHOT WILL BE COMING TO FINISH THE JOB...



THE SALVAGE MAN WAS AT LAST TAKING NOTICE...

IT'S A NASTY FLESH WOUND, PETE, BUT YOU'LL LIVE - PROVIDING WE CAN FIND SOME COVER...

YOU - YOU THINK THEY'LL COME AFTER US?

STEVE'S FEARS WERE SOON REALISED...



ANOTHER SHOT CLIPPED OVERHEAD AS THEY PLUNGED INTO SOME DENSE UNDERGROWTH...



WINDED, THEY CROUCHED IN THE BRACKEN LIKE HUNTED ANIMALS...



A MINUTE LATER, TWO MEN CAME INTO VIEW...

CURSE IT!
WE'VE LOST THEM!
I'D BETTER
GO AND WARN THE
OTHERS!

OKAY, I'LL
STAY AND HAVE A
LOOK AROUND.
THEY CAN'T HAVE
GOT FAR...

IT'S TWO OF
THOSE BLOKES FROM
THE HOTEL! THE
BUNCH WHO ARRIVED
YESTERDAY...

NOW'S OUR
CHANCE TO SLIP
AWAY...

NO, I WANT
THAT PISTOL!
WE'LL NEED IT IF WE
MEET HIS PALS. LOOK,
WE CAN WORK THIS
TOGETHER...

FOLLOWING STEVE'S INSTRUCTIONS,
PETE WAITED FOR A MINUTE - THEN...



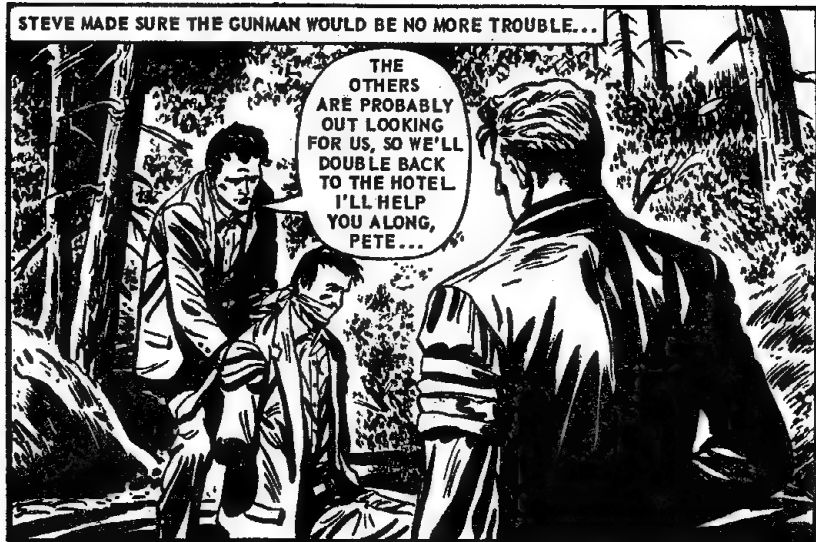
THE GUNMAN STEPPED FORWARD
EAGERLY...



THE GUNMAN TURNED - AND STEVE HIT HIM...



STEVE MADE SURE THE GUNMAN WOULD BE NO MORE TROUBLE...



THE
OTHERS
ARE PROBABLY
OUT LOOKING
FOR US, SO WE'LL
DOUBLE BACK
TO THE HOTEL.
I'LL HELP
YOU ALONG,
PETE...



LET'S HOPE
THEY'RE WELL
SPREAD OUT. WE
DON'T WANT TO
MEET THEM ALL
TOGETHER!

D'YOU
RECKON WE
CAN STOP THEM
FROM GETTING
THEIR HANDS ON
THE DRUGS,
STEVE?

THEY REACHED THE HOTEL WITHOUT MISHAP...



ALL CLEAR - I
CAN SEE HARRY. LET'S
GET INSIDE.

OKAY,
I CAN MANAGE
ON MY OWN
NOW.



HI, HARRY I'M
AFRAID YOU'RE GOING TO
NEED A NEW BOAT!

WE THOUGHT
YOU MIGHT HAVE
HAD CALLERS...

SUDDENLY, STEVE FELT A PROD IN THE RIBS...

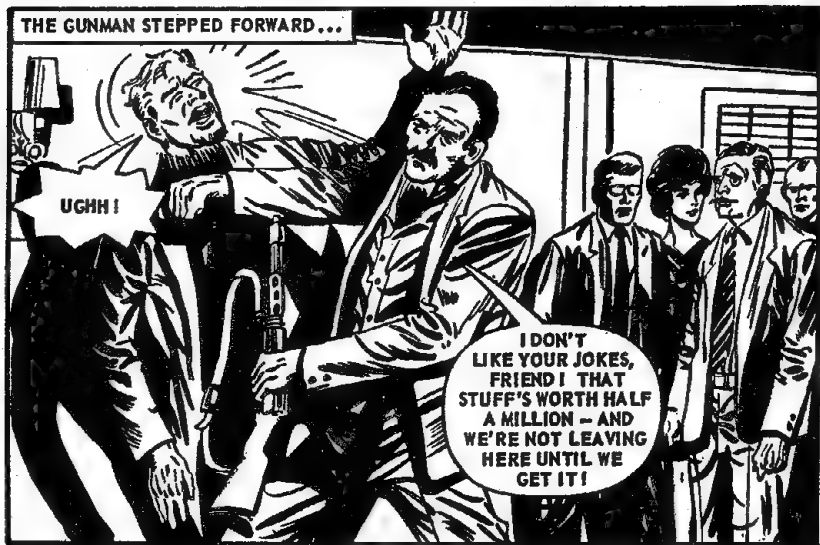
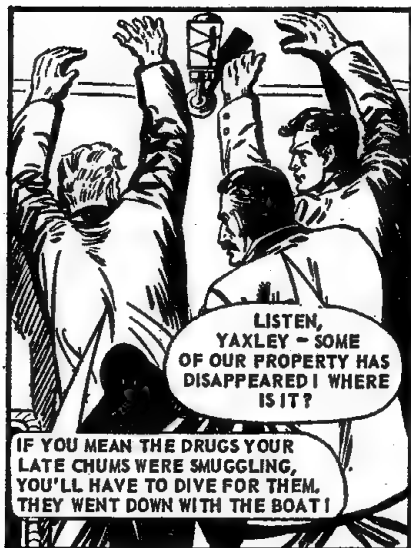


TOO LATE THEY SAW THE TRAP!



STEVE SOON REALISED WHY THE HOTEL WAS SO QUIET...







THE MAJORITY OF THE GUESTS WERE SHEPHERDED OUT OF THE LOUNGE...



THE SUB-MACHINE GUN WAS JAMMED VICIOUSLY INTO PETE'S BACK...

I'LL COUNT THREE, THEN YAXLEY GETS IT! AND AFTER HIM, FATTY AND THE OLD MAN! ONE... TWO...

WAIT! DON'T SHOOT - THE DRUGS AREN'T WORTH A MAN'S LIFE!

**I'LL COUNT
THREE, THEN YAXLEY
GETS IT! AND
AFTER HIM, FATTY
AND THE OLD MAN!
ONE... TWO...**

QUIET, HARRY, THEY'RE BLUFFING!

NO, THEY'LL KILL PETE!
I'LL SHOW YOU
WHERE THE DRUGS
ARE, I'VE GOT
THE KEY...

**NO, THEY'LL
KILL PETE!
I'LL SHOW YOU
WHERE THE DRUGS
ARE, I'VE GOT
THE KEY...**

AS HARRY STARTED TOWARDS HIS OFFICE, STEVE THRUST OUT HIS FOOT...

THEY'RE IN MY SAFE - UGH!

LOOK OUT...!

**THEY'RE
IN MY SAFE -
UGH!**

LOOK OUT..!

FOR A MOMENT, THE GUNMAN'S ATTENTION WAS DISTRACTED...



THE CROOK WENT DOWN -
AND STEVE DIVED FOR THE
GUN ON THE FLOOR...



WHILE PETE YAXLEY LASHED OUT
AT THE ONE NEAREST TO HIM...

THE TWO GUNS HAMMERED BRIEFLY ...



WELL DONE,
YOUNG FELLER! NOW
LET'S SETTLE THE
OTHER ONE!

LOOK OUT -
HERE HE COMES!
STAND CLEAR OF THE
DOOR...!



UNSUSPECTINGLY, THE GUARD BLUNDERED IN ...

HEY, YOU
GUYS, WHAT'S
GOING ON?





STEVE SLIPPED THE PISTOL INTO HIS
POCKET AND STOOD UP...

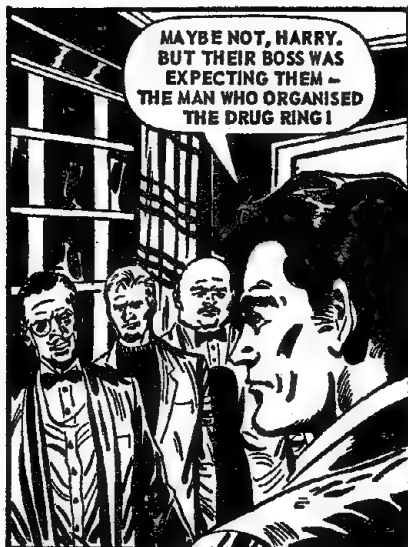
YOU'VE CLEARED
UP THE WHOLE GANG,
STEVE!

NOT QUITE!
YOU SEE, THE
YACHT DIDN'T ARRIVE
HERE BY ACCIDENT
THE NIGHT IT WAS
WRECKED!

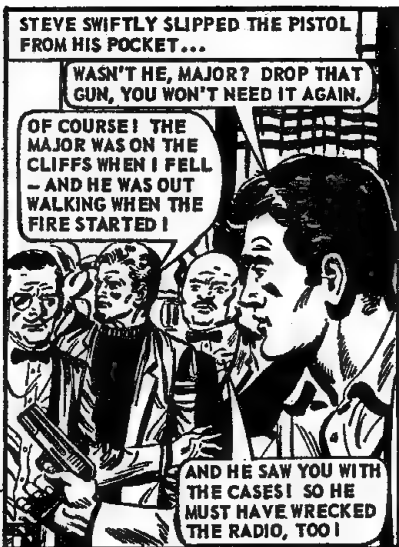
BUT I
THOUGHT THEY
WERE RUNNING
FOR SHELTER
FROM THE
STORM.

NO, THEY KNEW WHERE THEY WERE GOING!
THERE WAS A CHART ON THE YACHT, WITH
THE HOTEL MARKED ON IT! THEY JUST
MISSED THEIR WAY.

BUT WHY
WOULD THEY COME
HERE? I WASN'T
EXPECTING ANY
VISITORS.



MAYBE NOT, HARRY.
BUT THEIR BOSS WAS
EXPECTING THEM -
THE MAN WHO ORGANISED
THE DRUG RING!



STEVE SWIFTLY SLIPPED THE PISTOL
FROM HIS POCKET...

WASN'T HE, MAJOR? DROP THAT
GUN, YOU WON'T NEED IT AGAIN.

OF COURSE! THE
MAJOR WAS ON THE
CLIFFS WHEN I FELL
- AND HE WAS OUT
WALKING WHEN THE
FIRE STARTED!

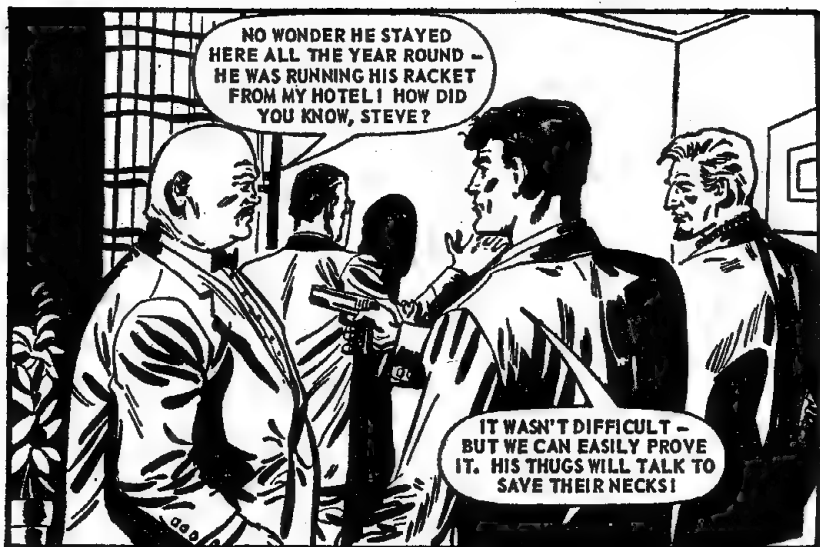
AND HE SAW YOU WITH
THE CASES! SO HE
MUST HAVE WRECKED
THE RADIO, TOO!

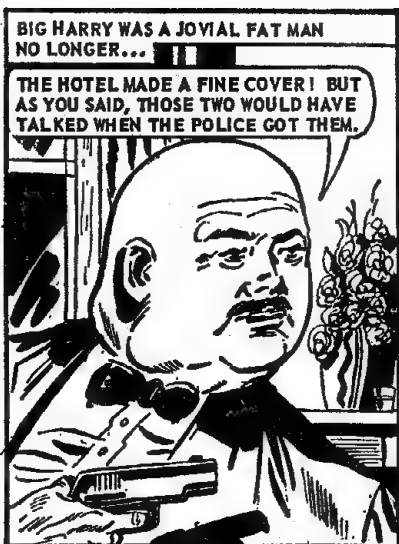


YOU'RE STARK
RAVING MAD,
FOSTYN!

NO, I'M NOT!
YOU DIDN'T WANT
THE YACHT SALVAGED
BECAUSE YOU'D ALREADY
PLANNED TO RECOVER
THE DRUGS!

BY SKIN-DIVING,
NO DOUBT! AND TO
THINK HE WOULD HAVE GOT
AWAY WITH IT IF HE'D
SCARED ME OFF!





WHILE HARRY HAD BEEN TALKING, THE MAJOR HAD EDGED FORWARD. NOW HE LEAPED...



HARRY PROMPTLY SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER, BUT THERE WAS ONLY A "CLICK". WITH A SNARL, HARRY SLASHED AT THE MAJOR...



MOVING SURPRISINGLY FAST FOR A BIG MAN, HARRY THREW HIMSELF THROUGH THE WINDOW...



STEVE WAS SOON RUNNING AFTER THE CROOK...



BUT HE HAD NOT ALLOWED FOR HARRY'S DESPERATE CUNNING. SUDDENLY, THE HOTEL OWNER SEEMED TO VANISH...



AND THEN...

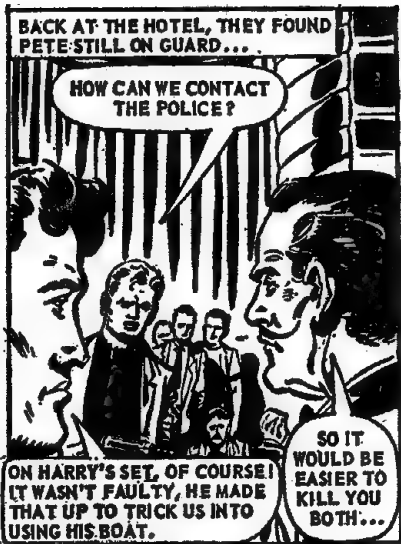
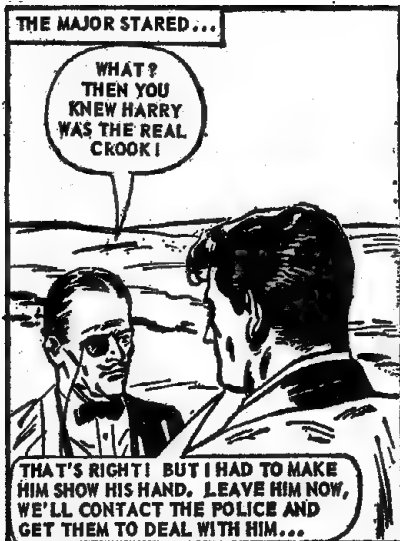


STEVE WAS ON HIS KNEES, DAZED AND HELPLESS...



HARRY HESITATED A MOMENT, THEN FLED...





**SUDDENLY, STEVE'S EXPRESSION
ALTERED...**

WHAT A FOOL I AM!
LISTEN, HOW DID
HARRY AND HIS PALS
INTEND TO LEAVE
THE ISLAND?

THEY CAN'T,
THERE ISN'T A BOAT -
OR IS THERE?

WE ONLY ASSUMED
THEY CAME BY FERRY -
BUT THEY MAY HAVE
USED THEIR OWN BOAT!

THERE ARE DOZENS OF LIKELY SPOTS
THEY COULD ANCHOR, BUT THEY'D WANT
SOMEWHERE HIDDEN YET EASY TO REACH.

THERE'S A PLACE ON THE
FAR SIDE OF THE ISLAND! SMUGGLER'S
BAY IT'S CALLED - WHERE AN OLD IRON LADDER
LEADS DOWN THE CLIFF!

LET'S
HOPE YOU'VE
GUESSED
RIGHT! COME
ON!

PETE INSISTED ON HELPING,
DESPITE HIS WOUND...

IT'S A LIKELY SPOT,
BECAUSE THERE'S A NOTICE
WARNING OF CRUMBLING
CLIFFS! NONE OF THE
VISITORS GO THERE!

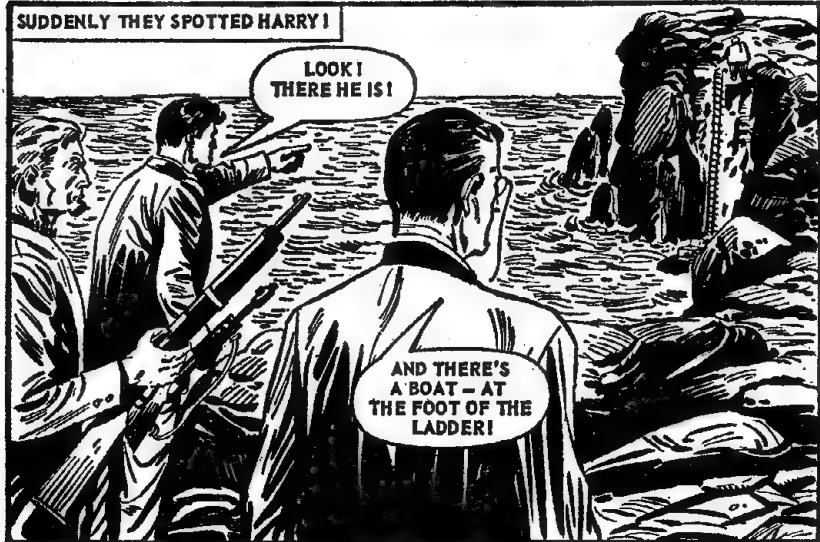
THAT SOUNDS
THE SORT OF
PLACE THEY'D
CHOOSE, ALL
RIGHT!



SUDDENLY THEY SPOTTED HARRY!

LOOK!
THERE HE IS!

AND THERE'S
A BOAT - AT
THE FOOT OF THE
LADDER!




THE ROUGH GROUND SLOWED THEIR PURSUIT...



INTERFERING
SNOOPERS!
THEY'VE RUINED
EVERYTHING!

THE MAJOR WAS ALL READY TO PICK HARRY OFF WITH THE SUB-MACHINE GUN...



HE WON'T GET
AWAY! I CAN'T MISS
HIM FROM HERE...

NO, MAJOR -
HE'S UNARMED!
I'LL GO AFTER
HIM!

BUT STEVE HAD BARELY CLIMBED DOWN A FEW RUNGS, WHEN...



**EEEEH!
THE LADDER...!**

**IT'S
GIVING WAY!
I MUST GET
BACK!**

**HARRY'S WEIGHT HAD
BEEN TOO MUCH FOR...
THE RUSTY SUPPORTS...**



**HERE --
GRAB MY
HAND, FOSTYN!
QUICKLY!**

**HARRY PLUNGED, HEADFIRST, INTO
THE LAUNCH AT THE BASE OF THE
CLIFFS...**



AAAAAGH!







GREY SHADOW

THE MASKED AUSTRALIAN BANDIT KNOWN AS "THE GREY SHADOW," PICKED HIS VICTIMS WELL . . .

THERE'S SIX-MONTH'S GOLD-DUST IN THAT TIN. SIX-MONTHS OF MY LIFE, YOU DIRTY RAT!

THAT'S YOUR HARD LUCK, DIGGER! STAND BACK!



I'LL-AAGH!



BUT THERE WERE OTHER FORMS OF ROBBERY . . .

LET'S FACE IT, ANNE—THAT SWINE, JOE HAGGERTY HAS SWINDLED US OUT OF OVER FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS ON THAT WORTHLESS PIECE OF LAND!

THAT WICKED OLD MISER! IT'S A WONDER THIS GREY SHADOW HASN'T CALLED ON HIM!



HIS WIFE'S WORDS STRUCK A SPARK IN JACK CRAIG'S MIND...

NOW THAT'S A THOUGHT! HAGGERTY DOESN'T TRUST BANKS—KEEPS HIS MONEY HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN HIS STORE. IF SOMEONE IN A MASK ROBBED HIM, THE GREY SHADOW WOULD PROBABLY BE BLAMED...



ONLY NEEDS A HOOD AND AN EMPTY GUN! IT WON'T BE A REAL THEFT, EVEN! THAT MONEY BELONGS TO ME!



JACK LOOKED OVER HIS FORTY-FIVE SERVICE REVOLVER .

IT'S EMPTY, BUT HAGGERTY WON'T KNOW THAT!



TWO NIGHTS LATER,
JACK RODE OFF TOWARDS
HAGGERTY'S STORE, KEEPING
OFF THE BEATEN TRACKS...



TWO HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE STORE
HE DISMOUNTED. AND THEN . . .



THEN HE CAUGHT HIS BREATH
SHARPLY . . .

THE GREY
SHADOW!
IT'S THE REAL
GREY SHADOW!

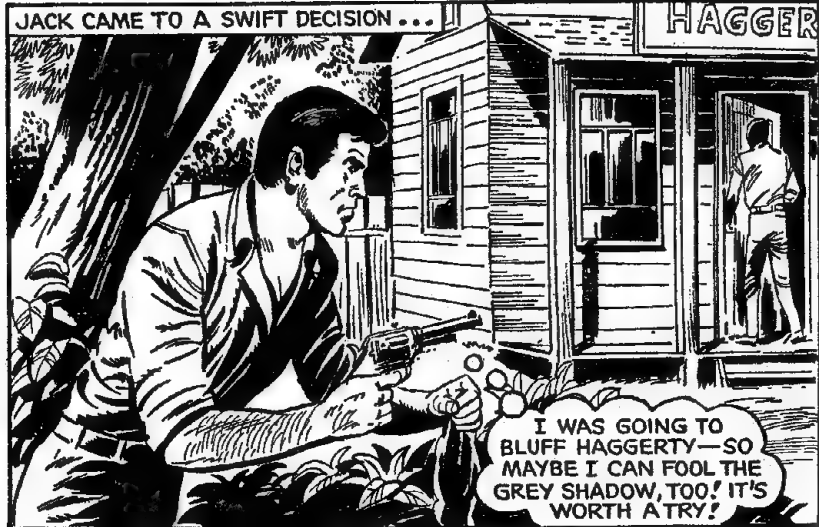


HE WATCHED THE BANDIT CREEP
TOWARDS THE STORE . . .

HELL'S BELLS! I CAN'T LET THAT
KILLER LOOSE ON HAGGERTY
WITHOUT MAKING AN EFFORT
TO HELP THE MAN! IF ONLY
THIS GUN WAS
LOADED . . .

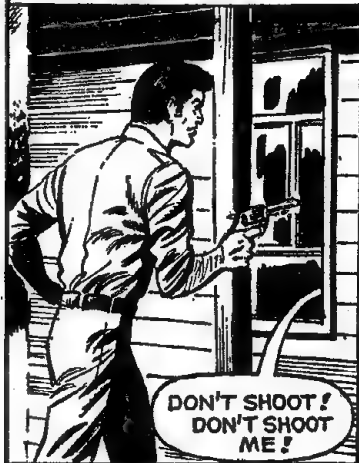


JACK CAME TO A SWIFT DECISION . . .

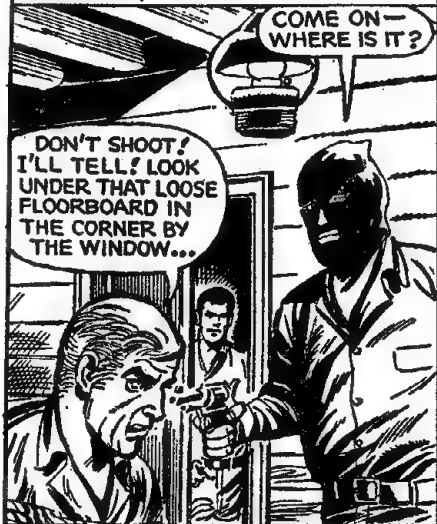


I WAS GOING TO
BLUFF HAGGERTY—SO
MAYBE I CAN FOOL THE
GREY SHADOW, TOO! IT'S
WORTH A TRY!

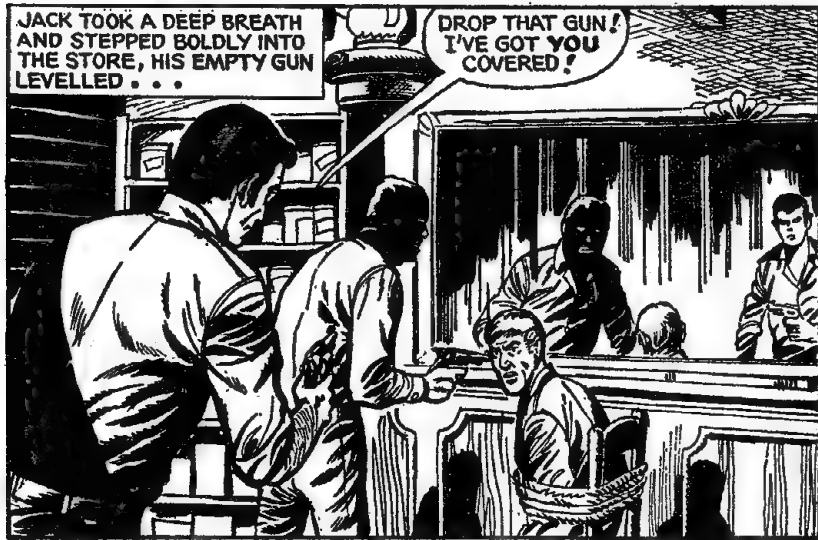
AS HE APPROACHED THE STORE, HE HEARD SCUFFLING AND MUFFLED PROTESTS FROM INSIDE . . .



CAUTIOUSLY, HE EASED THE DOOR OPEN..



JACK TOOK A DEEP BREATH AND STEPPED BOLDLY INTO THE STORE, HIS EMPTY GUN LEVELLED . . .



THE BANDIT GAVE A STARTLED EXCLAMATION, AND LET THE GUN FALL TO THE FLOOR . . .



JACK STEPPED FORWARD—AND THEN HIS FOOT WENT THROUGH A PIECE OF ROTTEN FLOORING. HE STUMBLED . . .



IN A FLASH, THE SHADOW WHIRLED AND LEAPED AT HIM . . .

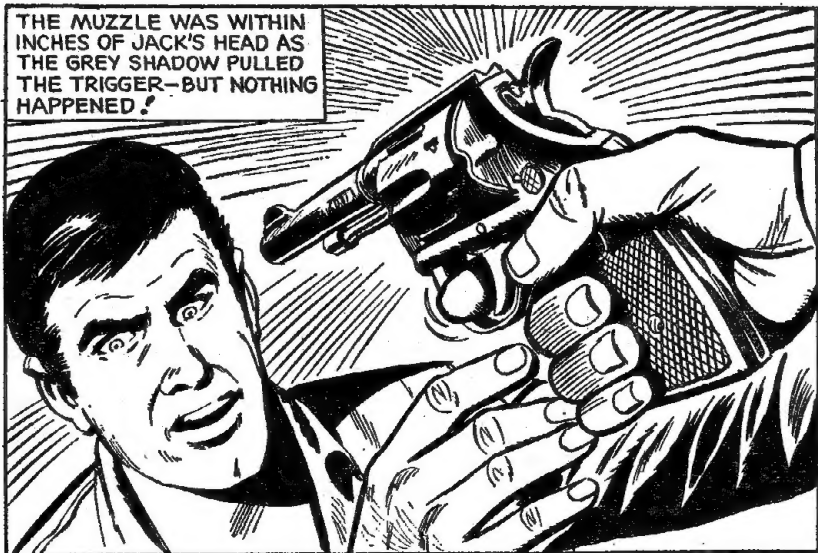


THEY CRASHED TO THE FLOOR, AND AS THEY STRUGGLED, THE SHADOW MANAGED TO SNATCH UP A PISTOL . . .

HECK, I'VE
HAD IT!



THE MUZZLE WAS WITHIN INCHES OF JACK'S HEAD AS THE GREY SHADOW PULLED THE TRIGGER—BUT NOTHING HAPPENED.



THE SHADOW GAPED AT THE GUN IN DISBELIEF—AND JACK BROUGHT UP HIS FIST IN A DESPERATE UPPERCUT...



JACK TIED THE SHADOW TO A CHAIR AND RELEASED JOE HAGGERTY.

MY OATH!
YOU SAVED MY
BACON THEN, SON!
ANYTIME I CAN
HELP YOU...



LATER, JACK TOLD HIS WIFE EVERYTHING...

TALK ABOUT
LUCK! OLD HAGGERTY HAS GIVEN ME
A DECENT BIT OF LAND AND I STAND
A CHANCE OF A THOUSAND POUNDS
REWARD FOR CAPTURING THE
GREY SHADOW.



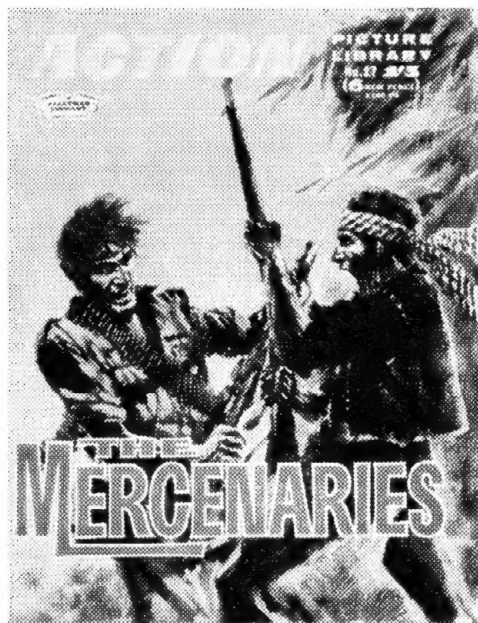
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